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A HYMN FOR SEMINARIES

(to the tune *Sine Nomine*)

*From the wide reaches of the earth we come
To this Thy house of learning and of prayer:
Herein we dwell as seekers of Thy will;
Come, Holy Spirit; come, Holy Spirit.*

*In this Thy house of witness and of zeal,
We dwell among the saints whose words and deeds
Do daily strengthen our weak hearts and minds;
Come, Holy Gospel; come, Holy Gospel.*

*In this Thy house of knowledge and of truth,
The science and the wisdom of our day
We seek and dedicate to Thee, O God;
Come, Holy Wisdom; come, Holy Wisdom.*

*In this Thy house of service and of love,
Through fellowship those gifts which Thou hast given
We learn to use, to Thine immortal praise;
Come, Word Incarnate; come, Word Incarnate.*

*To the wide reaches of the earth we go,
From this Thy house of learning and of prayer:
Renew each day our spirit; grant us power;
Come, God Almighty; come, God Almighty.*

We Are Able

CHARGE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

May 14, 1952

by President RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD

"And they said unto him, We are able."—St. Mark 10:39a

Sons of Thunder, Jesus called them; these two brothers in his travelling seminar. As far as we know, he gave nicknames to only three of his pupils: these Zebedee boys, and Simon, whom he called the Rock. It is noteworthy that these were the three he took with him to the hilltop where the splendour of heaven spilled through. He must have thought a lot of them. Hence he did not give them nicknames to make fun of them. The three would know that what he called them was not to hurt their feelings but to pat their backs, with just a faint humorous nudge to warn them of where they ought to be on their guard.

Sons of Thunder: now what did he mean by that? Not noise, I think. Lightning is the child of thunder. It is brilliant and powerful, but unpredictable and dangerous. It lights up the landscape. But sometimes it strikes to kill. Its analogue in man is genius. When Jesus called James and John the Sons of Thunder, they probably guessed he was subtly praising them for flashes of genius, and at the same time subtly admonishing them. They must be careful what direction their genius took.

At first glance it hardly looks like a flash of genius that they should have tried to trap their leader into a blind promise, which turned out to be that they were to have thrones alongside his own on the royal platform, in his coming kingdom. There is something so likable about these two lads that we are embarrassed by such a blunder. We blush for them.

That appears to have been an early reaction in the Chris-

tian community. It is reflected in the twist St. Matthew gives to this incident. In copying St. Mark's account, St. Matthew makes only one change more than verbal. Perhaps he had talked it over with some old neighbour of the Zebedee family, some ancient lady for a guess, who had known these fine boys from the cradle and could believe no ill of them. And she had doubtless remarked, "Those two never thought that up for themselves. They weren't that kind. But their mother was a hard, pushing woman. And she never got past trying to run their lives for them. Mark my word, it was she who put them up to it!" So St. Matthew worked in that surmise, he even heightened its colour, as a preface: "Then came to him the mother of the sons of Zebedee." The implication is that James and John were not as foolishly forward as they looked. In filial courtesy they had to let their mother say what she pleased.

But I dare say St. Mark has the right of it. For St. Matthew follows him in the conclusion: "When the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren." But the ten would hardly have blamed the two, if it had been their mother's fault. They had mothers of their own.

Why should they be indignant, anyway? Because they were afraid the Master might some day give in, and these two would get ahead of them. Every last one of them was out for first place if he could get it. In vain had Jesus tried to put them right a few days before on the Capernaum road. They simply could not get his idea through their heads. So once more, speaking up this time for James and John, Jesus went patiently over the same ground.

Surprisingly, he saw nothing wrong in wanting to be great. He expected his friends to be ambitious. He had no mind to hold them down. In fact he did everything he could to raise their pitch and give them more drive. He had no use for sluggards.

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Why should they not look out for number one? After all, self-respect and self-help are the indispensable conditions for being really serviceable to others: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." But the way to look out for number one is not to get all we can out of it; it is to put all we can into it. He who saves his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life shall save it.

That is nonsense from the bank-account point of view. Yet what fools the greedy are, whatever they are greedy for! You can't take it with you. But you have to live with yourself from now on. How much are you making? That doesn't matter. How much are you making of yourself? That is what counts. Yet the only way to make anything of yourself is by giving yourself to others; not for praise or to earn merit, but in spontaneous kindness and kindling friendship, going all the way without reckoning the cost. A proud name fades and a fat living stops at the grave. A big heart and a rich life go on forever. How shall we win them? By actually preferring to be servants and slaves, says Jesus; by being willing and eager to wait on others and work for them instead of bossing anybody or giving ourselves airs.

That we get to be great by taking no thought of the lime-light and just doing our jobs, with our hearts in them, may sound paradoxical. But it makes the only sense there is, when our eyes are open to the realm of values so that we see the dusty zone of brittle things for what it is. The Kingdom of Heaven is more than the realm of values; but it must be approached across that territory. Push for all you can get, and what you get will come between you and what you really want. Forget yourself, give yourself, leave yourself behind, and you shall have life radiant and fragrant, abundant life, life eternal.

There is nothing soft or sentimental about that idea. It is hard truth. This is the language of heroes. There has never been a hero yet in any field of conquest or discovery who

was not throwing the world and himself away for the sake of what he believed in and what he was set upon doing; not giving things up, but throwing things off, to be unencumbered in dedication to his dream. To strike out for any dream, even a shoddy one, is better than to line your nest with moss and settle down to doze in it. It is not saints only, but conquerors and artists and pioneers and all creators, who count the world well lost for a vision. We linger too long upon theological statements about Jesus; we ought to think more often of him as the hero that he is. Then we should catch in his paradoxical counsel that thrilling invitation to the heroic in us which is what he is always driving at. His commands are not curbs but spurs to our strength.

On reflection, as we have observed, people are disposed to be embarrassed for James and John; while at the moment their comrades were indignant with them. But how did Jesus feel? He had no word of censure. Between the lines we read, I think, that he was pleased. He was proud of them for such initiative. To be sure, he explained that such appointments were not his to grant. But then he spoke to them, to just these two, like a captain to the pick of his soldiers, to test their readiness to go all the way with him. And upon their prompt assent he promised that these at least of the twelve should share his whole adventure.

For why had they spoken up just then? Remember, they were in the Jerusalem road, on the last lap of the last journey. And Jesus had a sombre premonition of how near the cross lay ahead. So he had just now been talking once more with the twelve, in a little huddle ahead of the casual crowd, about how hard things would soon be going with him. He had been specific. He had spoken of arrest and sentence and torture and death. Even though he added, "after three days the Son of Man shall rise again," yet his accent must have fallen upon doom.

Indeed one must suppose that Jesus was for the moment

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what we call discouraged. Not that his courage was gone; but that it was behind a cloud, like the sun on a dark day. For he was a man like us. He was and is wholly a man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, while still he is wholly God, compresent and compotent with God the Father and the Holy Spirit eternally. That is the faith of the Church Universal; here is the mystery of the Incarnation. And in every man's life there are dark hours and bright hours, downs as well as ups; for that is earth's inevitable rhythm.

Hence this was a time when Jesus needed cheering up. And those two, James and John, were sensitive enough to catch what the others missed. The impulse followed naturally to do or say something that would help him over this rough spot.

We are not to think that they got their heads together just then to figure out what to do. There was no time for that. That isn't the way people's wits work in a pinch, anyway. Nor had they as yet any notion of how absurd was what they proposed to ask for. They were as slow as the rest to catch on to the ways of Jesus' kingdom. When they made their bid to get ahead of the rest and get the first seats, they really meant it. With boyish clumsiness they aimed at being clever politicians. In any kingdom on earth so far, or republic either for that matter, it is the politicians who get there; and they get there by outsmarting their rivals. Why not in Kingdom Come?

James and John had had their heads together often enough, I dare say, with a view to making this bid for favour at some opportune moment. They understood Jesus no better than the rest; but they believed in him with all their hearts. Insofar as they took it in, they accepted also his prediction of disaster approaching. But they were outside his momentary mood, yet in such sympathy with him that they knew just how he was feeling. He was living in the

instant; they could see that instant in perspective. Even if the worst happened on the way, in the long run he would get there; they knew it. He knew it, too, of course; but he could not feel it in that mood. So they must remind him of it.

What better way could there be than to choose that moment for soliciting preferment? The very ground of their petition was unshakeable conviction of a glorious outcome. If they made the appeal right now, the profession of faith which it implied might pull out the sun from behind the cloud on his spirit.

That brilliant hunch flashed on them both at once. And, no doubt flushed and nudging each other, timid yet eager, they spoke up; they made a spectacle of themselves, for Christ's sake. Fools rushing in? No doubt; but the other ten were as foolish as James and John. What they lacked was intuition and initiative and courage. Angels rushing in, I think, where other fools feared to tread.

Jesus understood them. He saw how foolish they were. But also he saw how brave and true they were; and he sensed gratefully what had made them hit upon just this moment for that importunity, awkwardly irrelevant as it sounded. "They are going to kill me," said he. "Master," said they, "please may we be first in the court, when you get your kingdom? John here the Lord Chancellor, maybe, and I the Grand Chamberlain?" And he loved them with a great gladness for their warm faith.

He looked them straight in the eyes, first one, then the other, then back again; those two bold, shy young men, so ambitious, so honest, so sure of him. He needed friends who were sure of him. And he said, "Boys, you don't know what you're asking for. And I couldn't give it to you if I would. But one thing I can give you. You can go through the same kind of ordeal that I must go through before we all come together to the kingdom. Do you believe in the kingdom as much as all that? Do you really believe in me enough to

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stand up to all that is coming to you if you stick by me? Can you take it?"

They gave him back his gaze, unflinching. Their hearts and their lives were in their word, as they replied, "We can take it!" In the street Greek, the language of business for all throughout Rome's wide domains, the tongue which as Galileans brought up along the trade routes they were probably speaking, it is just one word; and that word has a clipped martial ring to it. "We are able!"

What they asked for themselves was a mistake, of course. Let that go. Let him that is without mistakes among us cast the first stone. After Easter they were going to get the hang of the eternal kingdom all right, though they had to go through Friday to reach Sunday. They had to learn it the hard way; but in time they did learn it. The point is that they were ready for the hard way. They had given themselves to their Lord.

Rather, they were giving themselves to him every day, as if each new day were the first. Theirs was the love that is faith, and the faith that is love. That kind of love, that kind of faith is a continuing process. It is once for all, yet the once is hourly renewed. It never runs down into stale obedience in honour of a troth long plighted; it is always at the pitch of exhilaration in response to sustained experience. As long as they could keep that experience, they were willing to pay any price for it. Hence there was nothing on earth or in hell that they were afraid of. They were warned that there was trouble ahead; they did not care. They would carry on, and he would bring them through. Only at long last, perhaps, with many a storm on the road; but no storm could last long enough to defeat him whom they served.

He had spoken of enduring. But the endurance he meant was not passive. It was creative. It was he who asked, "Are you able?" And that is no submissive verb; it is packed with

action. They so took it; and in that spirit they replied. "We are able!"

They were not bespeaking overconfidence. They were counting on his companionship to put iron in their wills. Yet in that partnership they had a part to play, along with him. And they would do their part. Let the strains come; they would not crack up. Without bravado yet with manly firmness, they were activists. There were things to be done for him that would hurt them in the doing; they would not whine, but do them. "Come what may, we can take it!"

That is the kind of strength which the Christian Movement needs today. It is the strength of men who have given themselves, and in giving themselves have found themselves; who do not lag back, and have no liking for ruts; who do not propose to run the race along safe and sane lines, but are willing to take a chance and stake their all.

One hears much talk of the predicament of the Church in the modern world, as if it were peculiar and fraught with unprecedented difficulties. And of course there are special circumstances in each era which give rise to novel problems of detail. For such problems we should be grateful, since they keep life interesting. They are a challenge to the creativity implied in daring to answer, "We are able." Yet it is only in detail that one age differs from another in resistance to Christian initiative.

But to speak of initiative means that we are not referring to the Church so-called, an organization, or a congeries of organizations loosely connected. For ever since Constantine, perhaps even before, the Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, as organization, has been pretty solidly of this world, and more political than religious. That is, it grasps after standing and power, and in that measure tends to forsake initiative, since change is a menace to entrenched positions buttressed by mass acquiescence in religion as a credal incantation plus a conventional social pattern. The Church as

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institution is only a shell. The real Church is the dynamic fellowship within that formal Church; the Movement, the drive, of the saving remnant to whom religion is a vital adventure plus a social explosive. That explosive is to be used adroitly, as an engineering instrument, not in anarchy. Yet used it is to be, to blow up wrongs and clear the ground for rights. And the man who serves Christ through the Church confronts always and everywhere, among Church members hardly less than on the outside, a predicament that stays about the same through the centuries.

The Gospel runs crossgrained to common sense, if by common sense we mean what most people mean, namely, snap judgment. To common sense, morals are the same thing as social convenience. We enact laws to protect ourselves, and we obey laws to keep out of trouble. Anything is O.K. if you can get away with it. What matters is to be as healthy, prosperous, conspicuous and comfortable as you can; while keeping on good terms if possible with your neighbours, because that makes for a pleasanter atmosphere. You live only once, and you'll soon be dead, so you'd better get all you can while the getting is good.

The gospel turns that world picture topsy turvy. It puts a price on what seems worthless to common sense; it throws away as rubbish what common sense goes all out for. It says that not what you have but what you are is all that counts. It reminds you uncomfortably that you are not your body, however much you may wish you were; so there is no fear or hope that you will stop being what you are, after you leave behind what you have.

On those basic lines a wholly new picture emerges as to how to live, and what for. At first that picture takes your breath away. As G. K. Chesterton once said of St. Francis of Assisi's outlook, it is as if a man put his head between his legs and saw the world upside down. Yet after you have

looked a while you begin to realize that for the first time you are seeing the world right side up.

If you don't see life that way, then you may be a Church member, you may even be in holy orders, but you are not a Christian. If you do see it that way, and you feel called to be a leader of men in Christ's behalf, then your task is to turn other people's minds upside down until they see the world right side up, too. You have to work a miracle. That is the standard predicament of the true Church and of all real spokesmen for God.

It was Jesus' predicament. First they made fun of him, then they called him a radical, then they crucified him. It was John's and James' predicament; before they got through, there must have been times when briefly they wondered if they had known what they were talking about when they said, "We are able." It was the ten's predicament also, after Easter had stiffened their collapsed spines. And it is yours and mine.

Unless the current crisis issues in violent revolution, they will probably not kill us: the Church as an institution has become too respectable. They are not likely even to call us radicals, if we stick to our really radical message instead of going off to the left on some this-worldly political tangent: that name is now reserved for fanatics less deeply upsetting. They may not so much as make fun of us. If only they would do any of these, or all three, I believe we could take it.

Instead, however, they will probably not take us seriously. After all, it is an old story now, this gospel we hold in trust, and it has long since been locked up in Jacobean English. It is a picturesque line of patter, like an antique vestment, kept in a cupboard between Sundays. Yet you and I take it seriously. Then if they don't take us seriously, can we take it? And how shall we get around that blank wall of resistance?

From today, this becomes in a heightened degree your problem. I have no idea how in your particular situation it

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is to be solved. Yet somehow you must solve it. You must buck the current of a forbearing courtesy which would treat you as a minor public functionary professionally committed to propounding ideas which everybody knows will not hold water, though most nice people pretend for propriety's sake that this is some sort of higher truth, fortunately out of reach on week-days and in practice.

Can you take that? Yet take it you must, and get around it. That calls for living by the standard you profess, and relentlessly pressing to show that it is the only standard that really works. You must somehow drive it home that there is no hope of peace on earth or good will among men save as these visionary principles are embodied in human action and motives at every level, beginning right where your group lives and works.

This is an Herculean task. You will get tired. You will get discouraged. You will be tempted to fall into stereotypes of feeble mouthings and repetitive gestures. You will be pushed toward slumping into efficient promotion of the Church as an institution without any ginger, helping to sustain a blindly selfish social order.

But is the gospel true? You cannot prove it. Nothing true in a deep way can be proved. It can only be seen and lived, and so experienced. On the other hand, if people will go to the trouble of trying it along those lines, once known the gospel can never again be doubted. Are you sure in your heart of the gospel, as James and John were sure that their Lord and ours would come out on top in the long run?

Then be of good courage. Let your imagination be responsive as theirs was to the Lord in his need and his power. You will make your mistakes, too, as they made theirs. Honest mistakes never hurt anybody's character. The test of character is how we answer him after we have counted the cost. Are we ready for this work for which we have been prepar-

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ing; for its tragic shadows and its drab depressions as well as for its sunlit heights? Can we take it?

Call up your resolution. Let the faith that is love for him and the love that is faith in him frame the crisp syllables in your heart and on your lips. Who wants a bed of roses? Who cares if the crown be of thorns, as long as it is with him that we wear it? Life is not easy or simple in the Church-centred vocations when they are genuinely Christ-centred. But it will be enormously interesting, and we shall grow by living it until we grow into the kingdom, if, looking into Christ's eyes, we dare to say, and mean it, "We are able!"

Gonzalo Báez-Camargo: Poet of Latin American Protestantism

by JAY C. FIELD

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[Editor's note: Professor Gonzalo Báez-Camargo, Visiting Professor of World Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, spoke at a Foundation Assembly 11 January 1952 on "The Protestant Contribution to Latin America's Life." Protestantism, he said, offers the Latin American a *living* Christ in place of the *dead* Christ with padlocked lips Who has for so long occupied the center of the Roman Catholic cult in Latin America. The religious poetry of this most versatile leader of Mexican and of Latin American Protestantism breathes the spirit of the *living* Christ. Professor Field's translations have captured (as well as translations may) this spirit, this sense of commitment, which not only Latin America, but our own country, has need of.]

Historians tell us of lively poetry contests celebrated in the colonial days of Latin America: community events in which there were often hundreds of entries. For example, there was one in Mexico in 1682, with more than 500 poems entered, 68 of which received prizes. It was in honor of the Immaculate Conception and sponsored by the University of Mexico. But, as to poets and their poetry, we are told that "verbal gymnasts vied with each other in obscure and high-flown verse."

Culture, secular as well as religious, was a church monopoly: there was none, even for the upper classes, outside the church. It was understood that serious writing about any phase of the Christian religion was the business of no one except professional churchmen: the hierarchy. This idea

seems to have persisted for centuries, even until more than a hundred years after political independence had been won.

The spell was broken at last. Dr. Ricardo Rojas, in 1927, surprised the Argentine nation by publishing his book, *The Invisible Christ* in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his literary career. Two years previously the South American Federation of the Y.M.C.A. had published a work by Don Julio Navarro Monzó entitled *Latin America's Religious Problem*. The era of lay participation in Christian study and writing had begun. Each of these brilliant Argentine authors wrote of his own religious experience and attempted to relate religion to life. This was a novel approach. Although they had both been brought up as Roman Catholics, neither one confessed to any continuation of that relationship or interest in it. Rojas was president of the University of Buenos Aires; Navarro Monzó, an editor of the great newspaper *La Nación*, and "the first among the first-rate minds of the Continent to make the religious problem the subject of continuous and systematic study . . . a passion for which he . . . sacrificed all other interests."

As the Evangelical Christian movement got a late start in Latin America and its success for too long a time was mainly among people who had enjoyed very limited cultural opportunities, the output of religious literature by Latin Americans has been far from sufficient to meet the demands of the Evangelical movement in those countries.

It is in the light of the foregoing facts that we may realize the importance of the contribution to Christian literature made by the Mexican writer, Professor Gonzalo Báez-Camargo, during the last thirty years. His numerous articles have been eagerly sought by daily papers, magazines, and by a great variety of church periodicals throughout Latin America.

But it is his poetry that interests us here, and especially his distinctly religious poems. Nearly fifty of them are to

Gonzalo Báez-Camargo

be found in an attractive book entitled *El Artista y Otros Poemas* (1946). For the preface the author wrote:

If I had my way, the compositions which make up this volume would have remained, either scattered in the various periodicals where I was led to publish them, . . . or buried in the pigeonholes of my desk. Whenever anyone suggested, or there came an inner impulse to publish them in book form, I considered such a thing as a temptation to be denied, for I am convinced that they are of little value. . . . But if, in spite of all, some reader may find in this book a little grain of inspiration and pleasure, the author's conscience will be greatly relieved. And so will that of the editors whose faith in publishing it has been as daring as that which proposes to move mountains. . . .

In the intercalation, the two South American friends who, with difficulty had secured his permission to publish the poems, wrote:

The publication of a book of poems these days becomes a hazardous enterprise. But, to publish a book of poems by Pedro Gringoire, the pseudonym under which the proverbial modesty of Gonzalo Báez-Camargo has so many times hidden, is not hazardous. For one reason, because of his renown already justly earned in the Latin American literary world; also because he is one of the first among the poets of the Spanish-speaking countries.

We are fortunate to have this testimony as to the quality of Báez-Camargo's poems, for translating poetry from Spanish to English is similar to the naturalist's attempt to transfer the gorgeous, delicate wings of a South American butterfly to an artificial body; or to carrying home a sack of treasures with an undiscovered hole in the bag.

The introductory poem takes its rise out of the sight of

a lone bird migrating south for the winter; in it the poet gives expression to his own aspiration and purpose in life.

A PREFACE WHISPERED IN THE EAR OF A BIRD

Do you know? The winter
will come, with its frost
and its cruel winds
and gray twilights.

* * * * *

Now that you are passing through
come to my window
and before you leave
sing sweetly, for
with your warbling
grief is assuaged,
and in my breast run
rivers of hope.

Ah, your life is short,
little wandering bird:
You pass on, but you are
not entirely forgotten;
for, placid passenger,
you leave behind
echoes of harmonies and
traces of musical scales.

I too am a bird
passing through,
singing its joys,
rhyming its tears.

Gonzalo Báez-Camargo

When cold winter
comes with its frost,
and its cruel winds
and gray twilights,
I, just as you, sister bird,
shall stretch my wings
toward other regions
in search of a haven.

Would that it
be granted me
to leave in the souls
of those who heard me sing
in passing,
the echo of a trill
of Faith and Hope!

Conscious of the philosophical mind of Latin American youth, more prone to theory than to practice, he develops for them the thought and the plea of an Anglo-Saxon writer, in the poem called

CRISTO

(pensamiento de Howard S. Bliss)

Do you listen at His feet to the melody
Of His voice explaining the divine
Mysteries of Life and Death?
Then call Him *Master*, and follow Him!

Do you behold Him serene and bright,
In spite of the abyss that ever lies before you,
As you climb along the dark steep path?
Then call Him *Guide* and, fearless, follow Him!

Were you the serf of all your passions,
The miserable slave of all your vices,
And yet He broke your yoke and sundered every chain?
Call Him your *Liberator* and follow Him!

Does He, perchance, wipe your hot tears away,
And when with suffering your heart would break,
Do you find shelter, comfort in His breast?
Then call Him *Heavenly Friend*, and follow Him!

Did you, with soul repentant, lay
The burden of your sins beneath His cross,
And yet He saved you from them all?
Call Him *Savior*, and lovingly follow Him!

Do you desire from day to day to do His will,
And free of doubt, of reservation, or of selfishness,
Have you surrendered all to Him as your burnt sacrifice?
Call Him *Lord and Master*, and follow Him!

Were you, in anguished thought, asking
"What is man; what his origin and what his destiny?"
And He, with His life, then tore away the veil of mystery?
Call Him *Son of Man* and ever follow Him!

Or was your enigma the hidden Power
Which fills the Infinite with its glory?
And in vain you asked the sage, the hierophant, the mystic:
"Who is God? Who is God?"
Until at last you found in Him the answer?
Call Him *Son of God* . . . and ever follow Him!

It may be, as you meditate on Him,
That you will find no words defining Him.
Be silent then! In adoration

The echo of one's voice seems sacrilege;
The stars worship Him with a brilliance
Undimmed by their silence;
Indeed a saint* has said:
"He dwells in silence in the highest Heaven."
Do you love Him who walks beside you,
And feel that He is ever with you, ever near?
Then you need no words:
It is enough to love Him and feel Him near!
Let importuning lips be silent then,
In quiet and devout surrender;
Let others seek a name for Him.
And you? Give Him none . . .
But follow Him!

* St. Augustine's *Confessions*

He presents in the title poem of the book a likening of suffering to the creative chisel in the hands of the Sculptor, essential for the building of a noble and beautiful life.

THE ARTIST

When for the first time, the chisel
struck into the granite block,
there burst forth from its wounded soul,
a painful cry,
as if from trembling flesh:

Have pity, Sir!
What rage, what cruel, mad fury
Spurs you against me?
Why do you wound me?
What have I to do with you?
What do you want from me?

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In the bosom of the mother-rock
I was happy in my tranquil and
forgotten existence . . .
Content in the unconscious state
of my nothingness,
And nothing in the contentment of
my unconsciousness!

But, today, your steel,
Hot from flying sparks,
With what violent fury it tears
Bits from my wounded breast!

Be off! Leave me alone!
Hold your hand!

A blow! and another blow!
One more! another! and another!
And still another!

The Artist kept silent and went on . . .
Although his heart was pierced
By the pain of the moaning stone . . .
And thus, under the blows of
the cutting chisel,
Struck by the sculptor's mallet,
The block continued to be transformed,
Into what seemed pulsating flesh . . .

At every blow, a brilliant spark;
At every blow a cry . . .
There came from the granite block,
Both cry and form!

Gonzalo Báez-Camargo

Martyrized gestation:
Torture made fruitful
By the miraculous hand which,
Now with vigorous incision,
Now with lightest touch,
Brought forth from the amorphous mass,
In accord with inspired design,
Here, a soft contour, there, an angle . . .
Suffering! Creative chisel
In the hands of the Artist!

And thus, from that block
There came a form, with life inspired . . .

In the stony breast there throbbed,
Living, warm, tender, at last . . .
A heart . . .

In the eye of stone,
There shone a warm tear;
On the lips of stone, the voice,
Thankful, reverent, humble,
Trembled at last:

Forgive me, Divine Artist
Of love and suffering . . .
Forgive me, Lord,
I did not understand!

The Artist, silent, was smiling.

When he thinks of the unending tragedy of man's futile search for truth in the wrong place, he gives us a brief poem, a literary etching, entitled

HE SAYS

What is that poor, prostrate sinner trying to do,
Who with muffled moan lacerates his flesh?
To find *the Way!*

And the ignorant sage as he explores
The mystery of obscure matter or stellar space?
To find *Truth!*

And the deluded chemist who, with eager gaiety
Mixes substances and dreams of an elixir?
To find *Life!*

And Christ?
They do not hear Him; they do not even see Him.
Yet there He stands at their side, with open arms
And outstretched hands, tenderly smiling, saying:
I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

Báez-Camargo is a great lover of nature; some of his best are nature poems, and God speaks to him clearly and thrillingly through field and sky and sea. He is moved to compassion as he thinks of the tragedy of men who, not finding God in nature, find Him not at all. Such a thought is expressed in

THUS THEY CRIED

The countryside tuning each delicate string:
Clear moonlight caressing everything;
Twinkling stars of shining skies,
Dome of all that below them lies.

Suddenly like the distant roar of the sea
Came a sound of anxious voices, crying
"Where is God?"—In the distance
Roses trembled, and a vague sighing
Stirred all the green foliage.

Then everything awoke to new life:
"In the souls of men," vibrated the glowing reply;
And a great harmonious hymn winged its flight to the sky.

"Where is God?" the mad tumult kept repeating,
And the crowd marched on in impassioned fury,
Deaf, deaf to the hymn of field and sky.

We feel that we are becoming personally acquainted with
our poet as he expresses, in poems of prayer, our own experience. One of these, a prayer of repentance and longing, is

PURIFICATION

This temple, my soul, Thy abode,
O Lord, my passions
Have turned into a den of thieves.

Lord, see what is happening
Within my heart . . .
And yet Thou didst create it
To be called
Thy house of Prayer.

Lord, Lord,
My spirit cries out to Thee and longs
For the glorious day
Of Thy triumphal entry,

When, just as the raging wind
Drives the chaff before it,
Thy holy wrath shall smite my passions
And drive out all the robbers
From the temple of my soul,
From Thy dwelling place,
Thy House of Prayer!

The longest poem, and perhaps the outstanding in literary merit, he calls CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH (to be read with musical accompaniment). In it he sharply contrasts pagan and so-called Christian mourning with the true view of death. This poem has also been translated, but it is too extensive for this occasion. As a fitting conclusion to this brief appreciation of the poems of Gonzalo Báez-Camargo one must set forth his prayer of repentance and dedication.

I RETURN

I will follow in Thy footsteps.
Lord, this is final.
I will drink only from Thy fountain;
I will love only the brightness of Thy stars,
And steadfastly journey toward Thy peace.

How terrible has been
My wandering adventure!
My flowers were thistles; my sweetness
The bitterness of the waters of Mara;
My light, shadow; and my warmth, coldness.

But now I return to Thee, Jesus, my brother,
And today my path again will have
The perfume of nard and the brilliance of stars;
For I will follow in Thy footsteps.
Lord, this is final.

The Knight Hall Nursery School: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

by Professor EDNA M. BAXTER

Professor of Education,

The Hartford School of Religious Education

The Hartford School of Religious Education since its founding at Springfield, Massachusetts and its incorporation January 28, 1885, has been concerned with a more adequately prepared ministry to children, young people and adults in churches and related Christian institutions. Very early its wise leaders recognized the need of learning through properly supervised experience.

When the author of this article came to teach at the school in 1926, it was difficult to find opportunities for students to have suitable experiences in learning to work out good procedures with children. For this reason, she founded the Saturday School of Religion which continued until 1947 and served children from the ages of four to twelve. Here advanced students worked out new curricula and significant ways of worship for children.

Leadership prepared to carry on suitable work with pre-school children was greatly needed in missionary institutions in America and in foreign lands as well as in churches. Secular institutions were slowly beginning to recognize the need for well-prepared teachers to work effectively with young children. An examination of neighborhood institutions, church programs and special homes for these young children revealed startling conditions. Churches scarcely seemed to recognize the needs of children under four or five years of age. There were few books published on the subject to guide laymen and very few churches had built rooms or provided equipment for nursery-age children in the church school.

In the congested neighborhoods of our cities there were at this time child care centers for children whose mothers worked. These were not nursery schools and frequently were not supervised by any city or state health authorities. Their leadership was generally untrained. About 1928, a thrilling story of a nursery school in New York City was published by Harriet M. Johnson.¹ In 1921, Margaret McMillan² had written about her pioneer adventures in the East End of London, where she had transformed a "dump heap" into a garden to provide a nursery school during the day for children whose parents worked. Here, under excellent physical conditions and good leadership, she transformed the lives of hundreds of young children whose homes were in the congested ugliness of London slums.

Simultaneously with the author's concern about a proper place to guide students in understanding how to work with pre-school children and their parents, there came an urgent request in 1929, from some members of the faculty of the Kennedy School of Missions that the School of Religious Education maintain a nursery school to enable both missionary parents to study while their young children were receiving proper care. With this dual purpose in mind, the author set about to provide such a school without any budget or equipment. Rosemary Roorbach, a student in the School of Religious Education, had had much experience in the kindergarten field. She was assigned as the first head teacher of the new nursery school, assisted by several students under the supervision of the author. This first nursery school met in Thompson Hall five mornings each week. The equipment was meager but the out-of-doors space was excellent, and soon many kinds of materials were assembled through the cooperation of parents, members of the Woman's Board,

¹ *Children in the Nursery School*. New York: John Day Co.

² *The Nursery School*. London: I. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.

The Knight Hall Nursery School

Mrs. Capen and Dr. Hodous. The nominal tuition fees gradually provided paint and other materials which enabled students and parents to create equipment and to improve the playroom. No financial contributions from the Foundation have ever been given to this school. It has always been self-sustaining.

Dean Stolz' reports in these early days to the Instruction Committee of the Hartford Seminary Foundation provide further data on this historic development:

February 5, 1931

A little over a year ago at the special request of parents of young children living on the campus, the Hartford School of Religious Education opened a nursery school in Thompson Hall. Under the general supervision of Professor Edna M. Baxter, certain carefully selected students of the School of Religious Education conduct a nursery school. Most of the activities are carried on out-of-doors, but on stormy days the children meet in the playroom of Thompson Hall, where toys, balls, blocks and a large sand box provide materials and incentives for initiative and resourcefulness. Health supervision is provided by the Visiting Nurse Association of Hartford, while Professor Eleanor Hope Johnson, of our school, gives advice in matters of mental hygiene. The school is a definite success.

A similar entry of October 30, 1931, records the official recognition of the nursery school. It notes the continued interest of the Woman's Board and concludes:

Residents in Thompson Hall have themselves added to the facilities and are enthusiastic in the support of the nursery school. Recently the Foundation Faculty recognized this school and formally entrusted its supervision to the School of Religious Education.

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So many requests for admission to this first nursery school came to us from the community that the author established the "Playland Nursery School" in the First Methodist Church with Mrs. Phyllis Newcomb Maramarco as the teacher. This cooperative nursery school was carried on until Mrs. George Wulp established her own good school and took over the members and equipment of Playland.

When the Emergency Nursery Schools were started by the government, the author was asked by the City Committee of Hartford to set up a training center on our campus for these teachers and to select locations for these Emergency Nursery Schools. Out of this effort the nursery school movement grew in the city of Hartford and in Connecticut. State supervision of buildings and health in the nursery programs grew and schools were finally licensed.

Dr. Grace, the former Commissioner of the State Department of Education, commended our advanced provision for religious educators because, he insisted, the foundations of religious education ought to be carried on in churches every day in the week through a nursery school program with a correlated program for the parents of these children.

Out of the Thompson Hall Nursery School has grown a considerable movement to provide suitable nursery schools on Sunday morning in the churches, a correlated program with the parents of these children, as well as week-day nursery schools under church supervision. Several of our students are now professionally employed in nursery school teaching.

The appeal of the campus school to student parents may be seen in a letter expressing their interest in having it moved to the ground floor of Knight Hall:

We, the parents of the children who attend Thompson Hall Nursery School, wish to express our deep appreciation of the nursery school and of the excellent way in which it meets our needs and those of our

The Knight Hall Nursery School

children. Because of it many of us have been able to make fuller use of the opportunities for study offered here than would otherwise have been possible. At the same time our children have been benefited by the carefully planned nursery school program.

We do feel, however, that the nursery school should have more adequate and suitable space than the basement of Thompson Hall, and suggest that it be moved to Knight Hall. Hartford Seminary Foundation is to be commended for its thoughtfulness and far-sightedness in making a nursery school possible, and we feel that in the new location it would be even more effective.

In 1945 the school was moved to a permanent location in Knight Hall. Here the "sleep room" was separated from the playroom, all equipment was arranged for permanence, and by the generous use of paint applied by students and parents, a beautiful school to be known as the Knight Hall Nursery School, was firmly established. The knoll in the woods became a marvelous playground amidst rich natural resources and made meaningful by certain permanent play equipment.

Today, campus students may go to their practice teaching or observation in the nursery school without loss of time. Most students have at least a semester of experience in the school to aid in their understanding of child development, and their work with parents. Both men and women have found this to be one of the most valuable kinds of experience for their work in religious education. It is realistic, vital and revealing.

Case studies, psychological testing, studies of environment for children, work with parents, training of lay leadership and learning of health safeguards for pre-school children are but a few of the opportunities offered to students by this campus nursery school. Ministers of religious education, pre-school leaders in neighborhood houses, and large

churches, and missionaries use this school to enrich their preparation. Such experience in the school is correlated with a required course in Program Building in Religious Education, and enriched by a weekly staff meeting, which is a functional class in nursery school procedures.

For many years, Dr. H. L. F. Locke has rendered distinguished service as pediatrician and lecturer to our students and parents. The campus nurse has given daily examinations of all children as they arrive at the school.

Since 1948, Mrs. Frances Gleason has been the directing teacher of the nursery school. Her leadership has been outstanding both as a teacher of the children and as a guide to the student teachers. Her time is divided between work with the children and work with the adult students. Her skill and wisdom are beginning to reach across the nation and into many foreign lands as our students have learned under her inspired teaching.

The demand for skill in pre-school work in the churches and in related institutions has grown enormously since the opening of the Thompson Hall Nursery School in 1929. Churches are providing more suitable rooms and equipment for Sunday as well as week-day programs. There is developing a keen interest in a program for young parents. Students of psychology today recognize the value of young children's having some time under supervision while living with their peers. Mothers have begun to work outside the home in increasing numbers, especially during and after the second world war. This situation provides a normal demand for the churches to serve the home and to foster a Christian background for children and parents. Specialists and directors of religious education need to be equipped to meet these needs.

Knight Hall Nursery School Today

by FRANCES GLEASON

Directing Teacher

For the nursery children, each day is a new and wonderful experience. There is a look of expectancy and pleasure on the face of each one as he goes to his play following inspection by the campus nurse.

Whenever weather permits, the play is out-of-doors. The nursery door opens toward the lovely campus woods, and the playground is on a hill with the woods in the background. The playground becomes alive the moment the children approach.

Tom and Johnnie run up the hill together. Tom goes straight to the slide. Johnnie stands for a moment looking at the equipment. There are so many interesting things to do! The climbing apparatus! That's it! Carefully he climbs the ladder and begins to crawl slowly but steadily across the top. "Teacher, I'm way up high!" he calls triumphantly. Alice and Jerry are on the see-saw, and Alice is humming a little tune all her own. Tom watches a moment, and runs off toward the walking board. Ruthie is making her way very slowly up the incline. She is not quite two, and walking at that age—even on the level—is a bit unsteady. Tom starts up the incline, but the teacher who is standing by Ruthie says: "Let's let Ruthie go up before you start, Tom. She is just learning how to walk on the walking board." Tom waits, watching Ruthie's progress to the end of the board where the teacher helps her jump off. Then he gets on, walks easily and quickly up the incline, almost runs across the horizontal board to the end. He jumps without assistance, and

goes back to start the process over again. In the meantime, Timmy and Sally are working with the large wooden blocks, lifting and loading them on the wagon. Then Timmy pulls and Sally pushes them across the playground to use in a building project which they had in mind. Judy, riding a tricycle, almost bumps little Peter, who is pushing a wheelbarrow filled with leaves. Running, jumping, and climbing—riding, pulling, and tugging—help to build strong, healthy bodies. Children need activity, and nursery school is a fine place to get it.

Johnnie spies some leaves. "Come on, Tom, let's rake leaves," he calls. They begin to work, when suddenly—"Teacher! Look what we found!" Teacher bends down and together they watch a worm. "This one has lots of legs," she says. "The ones we found yesterday moved by wriggling along. This one walks on his legs."

"Oh, here's a bug," someone calls. "He's an interesting fellow," says the teacher. "Perhaps some other children would like to see what we have found." "He's gone down under the dirt," announces Johnnie. "Yes, his home is in the dirt. Every kind of worm and bug has his own special kind of home. When we go in we'll look at our book with pictures of worms and bugs."

Alice and Peggy, wandering to the edge of the playground, have found some lovely purple asters. "Let's pick some," suggests Alice. "I like these yellow ones," says Peggy, adding some goldenrod to her bouquet. "We could take our flowers inside and put them on the juice table." "And let's take in some red leaves, too," says Jackie.

Later, at juice time, the children and the teacher will talk about the things they have found, and the teacher will offer a prayer something like this: "Thank you, God, for the flowers and the leaves we found today. Thank you for the worms and bugs that live in the ground. Thank you for our happy time playing out-of-doors. Amen."

Knight Hall Nursery School Today

Every day out-of-doors brings wonderful experiences with God's world and each season has its particular charm. In the fall there are late flowers and colored leaves and squirrels gathering nuts. In the winter there are snow and ice and gray-brown branches, fallen from the trees, which become horses or fishing-poles. In the spring there are new leaves, new grass and flowers—both wild and cultivated—surrounding the playground. And indeed it is not only the resources of the playground that are used but the entire campus and especially the woods behind Knight Hall. All of these experiences with nature become a part of the nursery children as they are learning to live in God's world.

When out-door playtime is over, the children come in, take off their wraps and hang them up—each child doing as much as he can for himself, and putting his wraps in his own cupboard.

After toileting some of the children gather around a teacher in the book corner, where they look at pictures and talk about what they have seen, and perhaps listen to a song about falling leaves, or spring flowers.

The housekeeping corner is always a place of great interest. Here the children do the things they see their mothers and fathers doing at home. Meals are cooked and served, the house is cleaned, the washing and ironing are done. Dress-up clothes are put on and with purse in hand and the baby in the carriage, children go off to church or to the store.

It is here, too, that the children play out some of their fears or unpleasant experiences with illness or doctors and nurses. All of the nursery children have had shots and especially those going to the mission fields. "It won't hurt much," says Dr. Billy as he gives Anne a shot in her arm while she lies in the bed that just fits her. "I didn't cry this time," says Anne proudly.

Little Ruthie is quite busy putting pegs in the board but her eyes fall on a puzzle. She dumps out the four animals and

then thoughtfully puts them back. Timmy, who is just over three, is busy at the table putting the fifteen pieces of the elephant puzzle back into their frame. Two-year-old Peter is pulling a wooden dog on wheels, and two-and-a-half-year-old Jackie pushes cars around, making noises for the motors. Johnnie, ever active, is climbing to the top of the jungle gym and chanting, "Can't catch me-ee."

Life is always interesting at nursery school, but it is not always serene. Tom and Billy have been building a house together with the large blocks. Suddenly Tom hits Billy and Tom begins to cry. "We can't let you hit Billy, Tom. It hurts to be hit." "But he moved the block back and I wanted it right there!" "I'm sorry Billy didn't understand what you wanted. Next time tell him. Hitting won't help." "But he spoiled the house," Tom insists and starts to kick at Billy. "Tom, you are feeling mad because Billy spoiled the house. Perhaps you had better play over here. You could paint a picture about the way you feel," suggests the teacher, guiding Tom toward the easel. For a while, he paints in savage strokes, stabbing or scrubbing, but gradually the movement becomes less choppy and the painting smoother. "Do you want to tell me about what you are painting?" encourages the teacher. "This is the house all broken down," he says, pointing to the angry smear, "and this is me building a new house." Besides giving children opportunity to work out their feelings, such media as painting or clay provide the sheer joy of creativity and the fun of having a picture to take home to Mommie or Daddy.

After playtime indoors, the children gather at low tables, with a teacher at each, and enjoy orange juice together after conversation and a prayer.

As they finish their juice, the soft strains of Brahms' "Lullaby" from the record player remind the children that it is time for rest. They enter the sleep room where shades

Knight Hall Nursery School Today

are drawn and teachers walk on tiptoe. Each child climbs upon his own wee cot and rests for about twenty minutes.

Another play period follows, with opportunity for cooperative play. And play is serious business to the child, because through it he learns about the world in which he lives, how to get along with others his own age, how to be an independent person who can do many things that are important to him. In their well-supervised play time the nursery children have freedom to make choices, to experiment, to create, to accomplish. In their routine they learn to do things for themselves, to do things when it is time to do them, to consider others in the group who have rights as well as they. In nursery school children learn that the world outside their home is a friendly place, that teachers love and care for them, and that their worth as individuals is recognized.

"Hi, Teacher!" called a cheery little voice. Children's eyes light up and smiles come when they meet their teachers. It is a testimony to the pleasant relationship that exists between them. At school the teachers are in the background as much as possible because it is the children's school but they are always there, ready to help when things are too hard for young hands, encouraging when something is not easy, giving information and providing new experiences, reminding how things are done in nursery school. For the teacher, the day begins at 8:30, when she arrives to prepare for the coming of the children. By 8:40, the campus nurse is ready to begin her inspection of each child as he arrives with his parents.

Before students begin to teach, they meet with the directing teacher, receive detailed schedules of the school program stating what is expected of teachers at each point in the day's routine, review their learnings on how to supervise nursery children, what approaches to use, particular techniques for handling specific parts of the program. They begin their teaching under the guidance of the directing teacher who is

always on duty to guide the over-all program of the school, to help with difficult situations, to suggest ways of handling certain problems.

In the Staff Course, there is opportunity to ask questions about practical situations, evaluate procedures and plan better ways to cope with problems. Teachers are constantly striving for consistency of approach and improvement of procedure.

During the semester the students do special reading in important works on nursery education, study what may be expected of children at various age levels, examine and evaluate books for use with young children, study creative expression through easel painting, finger painting, clay and sand, and learn how to guide these experiences, discuss ways of helping children who have special problems, and the like.

At the beginning of the semester, just after the children have enrolled, the directing teacher and a student go to the home of each child for an interview with the parents for purposes of mutual understanding and more effective meeting of the child's needs. The student then keeps a detailed record of the actual behavior of that child throughout the semester, recording such items as the equipment which he uses and for how long, his social relations in the group, his conversation with the children and teachers, his responses to music, books, art media, nature, his reactions when his parents leave and call for him, his cooperation (or lack of it) with the routine matters such as removal and putting on of wraps, toileting, juice time, and rest. Such observation gives the student opportunity to note carefully and in detail the behavior of one child. At the same time, it provides the basis for a story of the child which the parents treasure. The student also records significant happenings to the group as a whole.

Another feature of the Staff meetings is a half-hour conference in which the entire group of students have an oppor-

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tunity to talk with each set of parents some time during the term, learning of what had happened in the child's experience prior to his nursery school days, what carry-over from school experiences the parents have noted, and what problems need special cooperation between home and school. The directing teacher makes every effort to make both parents and students feel at ease during the conference, so that they may talk freely about matters of mutual concern.

A three-fold purpose is thus served by the Knight Hall Nursery School. Children are adequately cared for and led a little way toward an understanding of God's world and toward Christian living on their own age-level. They are provided with the happy experiences so essential to creative living at any age. The students learn first-hand how young children learn and grow, for here teachers and children learn and grow together. They learn techniques for supervising children effectively. They are trained in accurate and meaningful observation. They have an introductory experience in working with parents for the welfare of the children. What of the parents? They have greater freedom for study and for household tasks, and therefore are in a frame of mind conducive to real enjoyment of their children. They have some guidance in meeting the problems common to young parents. The nursery school is a meaningful segment of campus life, and exemplifies one of the basic principles of the Hartford Seminary Foundation—the sincere effort to prepare its students as adequately as possible for work at home and abroad.

Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig: Meditation upon the Lord's Prayer 1547

translated by ROLF SCHALLER

Student, Hartford Theological Seminary, 1951-52

[Editor's note: Perhaps the greatest literary undertaking of any American theological seminary has been the publication (not yet completed) of the *Corpus Schwenckfeldianorum*. President Chester David Hartranft (1839-1914) conceived, and with the aid of Professor Elmer Ellsworth Schultz Johnson (1872-), and others carried forward this monumental edition of the works of Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig (1490-1561), a Silesian nobleman and religious reformer contemporaneous with Luther and Calvin. The Schwenckfelder Church, made up of descendants of adherents of Schwenckfeld who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1734, has published fifteen volumes of the *Corpus* jointly with the Hartford Theological Seminary (1907-). In 1951 the new library of the Schwenckfelder Church was dedicated at Pennsburg, Pennsylvania. In tribute to Elmer E. S. Johnson, who has labored so long and diligently both for the Hartford Seminary Foundation and the Schwenckfelder Library, this short meditation of Schwenckfeld has been translated by Mr. Rolf Schaller, a member of the junior class of the Seminary, and a native of Germany. The original text from which the present translation has been made can be found in the *Corpus Schwenckfeldianorum*, vol. X, pp. 965-968.]

Our Father in Heaven,
have pity on me a poor sinner upon the earth. My Father,
I lift up my eyes unto Thee Who dwellest in heaven, whence
cometh my help. Be Thou my loving Father according to
the will of Christ Thy Beloved Son, and grant me the good
gift of forgiveness of all my sins in the Holy Spirit, that
Thy name may be hallowed unto me, poor though I be, that
Thy kingdom, the kingdom of grace and mercy, may be

made known tenderly in my heart, that I may fulfill Thy will without ceasing. To Thee in all Thy works be praise, honor, and glory with my heart freely yielded unto God.

O my Father, my soul hungereth after Thee, my heart and conscience thirst after the fountain of life, after the well of living water that floweth from Thy holy temple. All within me fainteth, is disconsolate and miserable without Thee. I pray Thee for the heavenly daily bread of Thy spiritual children to be fed by it inwardly that I may grow, that it may preserve, and strengthen my inner life, and struggle earnestly against all temptations of the evil one, against all forbidden desire of corrupt flesh and indwelling sin. Strengthen me, O Lord, that I may walk, with perfect freedom and joy, in Thy path, together with the blessed Elijah. I also pray Thee for the sweet precious cup of Thy love. Vouchsafe me at least a little drop of it in my heart, that all my sins may be wiped out and washed away. Then will I spring forth reborn, never more to be plagued, thwarted, or enfeebled by my former trespasses and fleshly scars.

My Father, in the power of Thy mercy I forgive today all those who have offended me, who have done wrong at any time against me. Therefore I pray Thee, forgive me for all my sins, with which I have often provoked Thee, with which I have acted against Thee or misused Thy gifts, and have struggled against Thee and my neighbor. O most merciful Father in Heaven, Thou from whom nothing can be hid, knowest best how I sin, Thou alone art righteous and full of all holiness and mercy. But I am a poor sinner in my flesh, full of unrighteousness, full of evil desire and lust. Yet I will henceforth not consider my sin, committed and dwelling within me, but much more look on Thy mercy, love, and compassion which Thou hast shown and mercifully promised in giving the blood of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, even in all His bitter suffering, cross, and death.

Have mercy upon me, O Thou true Eternal Father, Whom I am not good enough to call my Father, help and comfort me when the evil one makes my sinful feelings and trespasses unforgivable and condemnable, when he frightens me therewith and when he turns my thoughts to the weakness of my flesh, that it troubles my conscience and begins to assail my belief in the forgiveness of sins. Come quickly to my help with Thy gracious power, that Thy strength may be perfected in my weakness and may truly be recognized, and ever more be praised, that I may be reminded of Thy love and mercy in Christ Jesus and may also delight therein.

O God, our Father, grant that my heart may delight in Thee and that in the Holy Spirit I may really seize upon Thy Son Jesus Christ my Redeemer and Forgiver of my sins, that the evil one may no longer harm me. Then may there vanish from Thine eyes every evil deed I have committed, from my youth to this day every good deed I have failed to do, knowingly or unknowingly, deliberately or accidentally, mortally or daily. The devil will accuse my conscience and destroy or entrap my faith. So I pray Thee come to my help by Thy Spirit, the Comforter and Helper, that the devil may not take away from me my hope in Jesus Christ.

I take comfort in the gracious pledge and promise of the Lord Christ when he speaks [Matt. 6.14] "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." I will remember this and in faith put my hope in those words. O help me, my Father, to feel, experience, and recognize it, yea, help me, my Father, ever more strongly to believe and grasp it. Then my sick soul will soon become whole and healthy.

My Father, Thou strong and good God and Lord, have mercy upon the weakness of Thy children and let me not be tempted more than I can bear by Thy grace, poor fleshly man that I am. Grant me strength, power, and comfort in all temptation, in war, offensiveness and in all suffering, in

the burden of sins, and in despondency. Bring help to my poor flesh, Thou Who alone canst help through Jesus Christ and give me rebirth through the Word of Truth, that my former sinful life may no longer trouble me, but everything be consumed at once in the fire of Thy love, for Christ's sake, and that my conscience may find rest, comfort, and peace in Thee. Redeem me, O God, Thou everlasting Goodness, from all evil, because I am in no wise able to help myself or to surmount the temptations and the weakness of my flesh by my own strength. For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and Might; Thou alone art able to do everything, Thou alone givest the deed and the wish, to Thee be praise and glory with Christ, Thy Son, and the Holy Spirit now and forever. Amen.

* * *

You may therefore consider as an example of the prayer of faith the Lord's Prayer, which gives all glory to God alone. In it is clearly included the forgiveness of sins, when we pray it with spiritual understanding and heartfelt faith. This is a true prayer of faith which will without doubt be heard.

However, I have not explained it with so many words that you must pray it in the same way or at such great length. God our Father sometimes gives our hearts more grace and devotion than at other times. But you may see what strength, comfort, and power may be expected from the holy prayer and words of the Lord Christ if we trust when it is prayed or spoken, that the Lord is speaking it, and is laying it upon our hearts by His Holy Spirit. Even when only a single little piece or crumb of the Word of God truly drops into the heart, the heart is cleansed and all sins are forgiven, extinguished, and forgotten. "I never more will remember their sins and unrighteousness" [Jer. 31.34] said the Lord God, and promised it to all those who really believe in Jesus Christ. On this we shall now diligently exercise our faith.

And Who Is My Neighbor?

A REINTERPRETATION OF LUKE 10.25-37

by PAUL LESER

Professor of Anthropology,

The Kennedy School of Missions

When I took a taxi at the station in Toronto the driver was so furious about his latest experience that he just had to talk.

Two hours before my train, another had arrived in Toronto. The passengers had left and rushed to the exit. An old man, maybe seventy, maybe more, walking down the platform, tottered; dropped his suitcase; fainted, fell. Nobody bothered. No one had time to help a stranger. The old man groaned. Everybody hurried by, to the city, to their families, to work.

One man stopped, a man between thirty and forty. He had never seen the old fellow before. He was in a hurry too. But he helped him to sit up, showed sympathy, sat him on his suitcase. The old man protested, "Thanks. I'm all right. Thanks. I'll be met. My daughter will be here any minute."

The other man would not be brushed off. "I'll wait until she comes." Nobody came. The old man felt a little better, the younger man supported him, carried his suitcase, led him slowly to the street. Again the other man wanted to send him away. "I'm all right. I'll take a taxi." But he headed for the streetcar. The younger fellow called a taxi—my driver's. There was another friendly altercation at the door of the car. "Thanks, I can get along now. I'll take the taxi. I can pay for the ride. Don't come any further; you've wasted enough time on me." But the younger man got in, too.

The address given was far out. The driver, with the sharp eye of his profession, noticed that a button was missing on the shabby coat of the old man. The suitcase was cheap and

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battered. The other passenger didn't look well-to-do either. "That's far out," warned the driver. "It'll be expensive. Sure you fellows can pay?"—"Better drive fast," said the younger man instead of answering the question, "the gentleman isn't feeling too well."

He certainly wasn't. After a short time they had to stop because he was sick. Both passengers got out. The younger fellow held the forehead of the sick man while he vomited; wiped with his handkerchief the patient's mouth and chin and coat, and put the handkerchief back into his pocket ("I nearly threw up myself when I saw that," said the driver) and helped him back into the car.

When they arrived at the place where the sick man lived in a furnished room, he could not walk any more and could hardly talk. It looked like a stroke. The landlady objected immediately: "He's ill, take him to a hospital. I don't want him here, take him away." The helper calmed her down. "He'll be all right, he's only exhausted from the train ride, and I'll call a doctor." And he and the driver carried the man upstairs and into his room. He undressed the patient who by now was quite helpless ("Not for anything in the world would I've touched them socks," added the driver), found a pair of pajamas in a dresser and put the stricken man to bed. Then he asked for hot water bottles. The landlady said she had none. He got out a five-dollar bill and asked the driver to get two at the nearest drugstore. When the driver came back he found the man talking over the phone with the daughter of the patient, urging her to come immediately and telling her that he had called a doctor. The daughter could not understand why a complete stranger took an interest in her father and asked for the landlady. She told her to take her father's money and watch and to see to it that the man wouldn't steal anything.

Finally, with the patient comfortably settled in his bed, the helper said that he couldn't wait any longer for the doc-

tor, gave the landlady ten dollars to pay him, and left.

I have told this story often. Usually I break off here and wait for the reaction of my audience. When I ask my friends why they think that the taxi driver was upset when I met him I usually get the answer, "Because he met the Good Samaritan," or "Because he met a real Christian."

But the man was not just excited—he was outraged. And the reason for that was that he actually had experienced the story of the Good Samaritan, and that was more than he could take. This is the end of his tale:

"When we drove back," he said, "I figured what that fellow had spent. I thought: 'That's a good man; I'll do something too. I won't accept a tip.' Driving on I looked at the meter. The fare was close to nine dollars then. I thought: 'Think of the money he's spent on a guy he didn't even know. Well, I ought to do something more; I'll split the fare with him.'"

"And then it happened," he went on. "Right then when I was thinking he was such a great guy. That's what bowled me over. You know, I don't mind; I'm quite used to being asked certain things. I've given many a man an address. After all, it's part of my business. I depend on tips. But do you know what that guy asked me? That man I considered a saint? Well, I've been asked it before, but for *him* to ask me—no, that was the payoff. He asked me where he could get a male prostitute for the night!"

"I could've told him. But I didn't, I was so mad. I was burned up. And I'd been meaning to slice his fare. Oh no sir, not me. Not now! 'I'll charge him full,' I sputtered. When we finally arrived, I soaked him plenty, and when he tipped me I looked at it and said: 'That's a mighty small tip for a long ride.' What do you think that guy did? He smiled and added another dollar. I could see in his wallet that it was his last one—and boy, did that make me feel good!"

Do I need to explain the taxi driver's resentment? He had

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suddenly found out that the Good Samaritan whom he had met was not a *good* Samaritan, but a good *Samaritan*. The Samaritan to the Jews in the days of Christ was the heretic, the sinner, the outcast. That such a fellow, an immoral man, a—well, my taxi driver was quite generous with a long row of unprintable expressions—that such a person had proved himself a neighbor, *was his* neighbor—that was too much for him.

That is the whole point.

The Samaritan by definition is “bad.” The Samaritan is the despised, the unclean, the outlaw. The shock of our Christian taxi driver was due to the fact that he had met, for the first time in his life, a good man, a real Christian, a true neighbor, a better neighbor than all the priests and Levites he knew, and then this person turned out, oh horror, to be a—Samaritan!

Now we know how to translate Samaritan into modern English. *Homosexual* is not a bad translation. But there are others, depending on the audience to which you are talking. In Alabama, talking to whites, you might say: *Negro*. Talking to Negroes you might say: *Ofay*. If you talk to Jews the proper translation of Samaritan would be: *Nazi*. And if you talk to a Nazi or his American equivalent, of course it would be: *Jew*. If you talk to communists, it's: *Wall Street Plutocrat*. And for a nice general word perhaps *Communist* would do.

No. These examples are not strong enough. Because today, after having been trained for two thousand years in the hypocritical use of Christian phraseology, everybody would be quite willing to admit that the Negro and the Jew and the Communist *are* their neighbors. Everybody will say: “Certainly, I’m willing to help them if they need my help.” Some people might have difficulty in admitting that there is such a thing as a *good* Nazi; others might find it difficult to admit there could be a *good* communist. But everybody will

say readily: "I'm prepared to help them. Yes, as a Christian I'm even prepared to love them. Yes, I am willing to love them as myself. *But I don't want them in my neighborhood.*"

The only effective translation of "Samaritan" is one that shocks us the way Christ shocked his audience. To a Jewish audience in His day a Samaritan was exactly what a homosexual was to my Toronto taxi driver: the deviant, the one who is different.

And it is exactly the meaning of our story that he is our neighbor. Our neighbor is he whom we despise. Our neighbor is he whom we won't admit to our homes. Our neighbor is he whom we don't want in our neighborhood; whom we will prevent with all means from moving in. And if he moves in—out we go! And I am not talking about the race problem either. No. Decent people don't have race prejudices. But who would stay on if the red light district were closing in on us? Would finally surround us? Do you think we would visit and welcome our new neighbors? Invite them to our homes? Ask them to our church? Would we?

Our neighbor is he against whom we harbor a prejudice—a racial or a national or a political or a religious or an ethical prejudice. Our neighbor is the heretic and the sinner, the depraved and the immoral, the vicious and the wicked and the evil. But all of us are sinners; all of us are immoral. The only difference between him whom we call all these names and ourselves is that we see the mote in his eye and not the beam in our own.

Because Christ acted as a neighbor instead of practicing the prejudices of his contemporaries they called him a glutton and a drunkard and a man who was fond of the Babbitts and the immoral folk (Matt. 11.19 and Luke 7.34, if you don't recognize my translation). Do *we* act as neighbors? To associate openly, in daylight, with the publican—that's easy. There is no moral stigma attached to money in this country. But to associate openly, in daylight, with the drunk-

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ard, the convict, the pimp, the prostitute, the Samaritan, will get us into serious trouble with our friends and our bishop. Being cowards, we prefer to please the Pharisees instead of obeying the law. We are no Christians. I am no Christian.

I am no Christian. I am a coward. Who am I to throw a stone at a priest and a Levite and a taxi driver?

In Memoriam

Samuel Marinus Zwemer,

1867-1952

Samuel Marinus Zwemer, pioneer missionary to Arabia and founder and editor of *The Moslem World*, 1911-1941, died in Port Chester, New York, April 2, 1952. He was born in Vriesland, Michigan, April 12, 1867, and was educated at Hope College, Holland, Michigan, where he received the degrees of B.A., M.A., and D.D. He was graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1890 and was ordained in the Reformed Church of America in 1890. He was a missionary in Arabia, 1891-1912, and in Cairo, Egypt, 1913-1929. Muskingum College granted him an LL.D. in 1918. He was Professor of History and Missions at Princeton Theological Seminary 1929-1939 and retired in 1939. He was Chairman and Organizer of the Mohammedan Missionary Conferences in Cairo (1906) and Lucknow (1911); President of the American Christian Literature Society for Moslems until it disbanded; Leader of the Fellowship of Faith for Moslems; Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and author of numerous books and articles.

Dr. Zwemer founded *The Moslem World* quarterly in 1911 "to interpret Islam as a world-wide religion in all its varied aspects; to point out the true solution of the Moslem problem; to be of practical help to all who toil for this end, and to awaken sympathy, love and prayer on behalf of the Moslem world." During its early years it was owned by the editor, and published for him by the Nile Mission Press and the Christian Literature Society for India, in London, 1911-1916. After the outbreak of World War I it was removed to New York where it was published by the Missionary Review Publishing Company, 1917-1937. He had always

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taken a great interest in the Hartford Seminary Foundation, particularly the Kennedy School of Missions with its important Islamic Department, and long hoped that the Foundation would take over the responsibility of its publication. From 1919-1930 he accepted numerous invitations to speak at the Hartford Seminary Foundation.

It was not until January 1938, when Dr. Edwin E. Calverley became co-editor, that a plan was formulated whereby the Hartford Seminary Foundation should adopt it as part of its service. This plan was conditional upon the raising of a special fund in honor of Dr. Zwemer's seventieth birthday, which would be available to supplement the normal income. Although the complete fund was not raised, the words: "Published by the Hartford Seminary Foundation" have appeared on the title page since that date. In July 1947 Dr. Calverley became the editor, and all the records were transferred to Hartford.

Dr. Zwemer continued to be interested in *The Moslem World* until his death. His last article appeared in the October 1949 issue, and his last Book Review in October 1951.

Elizabeth de W. Root,
Foundation Archivist

Hartford, April 16, 1952

